

<OnMetalWings>: So, where are you going?

<Sleepybat>: The gym as usual.

<OnMetalWings >: Unbelievable.

<Sleepybat>: What?

<OnMetalWings >: I told you I wanted you to go out and enjoy yourself while I was away.

<Sleepybat>: lol, and I am. I always liked running and you like staring at my ass so, best I keep it in shape.

<OnMetalWings >: Don't even try, you know what I mean.

<Sleepybat>: Abi, I only really want to do that with you.

<OnMetalWings >: Well you best find someone, come on. I see other guys and I know you were looking up that husky a couple weeks ago at the studio. Why the heck haven't you talked to her by the way?

<Sleepybat>: ￣_ (ツ) _ / ￣

<OnMetalWings>: You seriously have a macro for that? Come on, get out of those sweats and let me see you dressed to kill.

<OnMetalWings>: Now mister.

<Sleepybat>: Alright, alright. Sheesh.

<OnMetalWings >: I mean it, send me a pic!

<Sleepybat>: Alright, against my better judgement...

(Sleepybat sent a photo)

<OnMetalWings >: Mhm, Perfect, you're even wearing the suit coat I like. See? You're ready for this babe.

<Sleepybat>: Ready to make an ass of myself sure.

<OnMetalWings >: Nah, rooming with me for a couple years you can't call yourself a goody two shoes anymore. Go find someone and have fun. Still got a week till I get back so I know you're gonna need it.

<Sleepybat>: Psh, you just want something to look at if you strike out?

<OnMetalWings >: Oh good you know to take pics! And I won't strike out you twerp.

<Sleepybat>: Of course, alright I promise I'll try. Love you babe <3

<OnMetalWings >: You'll be fine mate, go get em, love you <3!

He stared at the conversation for what must have been an hour, she would be so annoyed with him right now, especially for changing back into casual clothes before leaving home. He understood right from the start that theirs was going to be a more casual relationship when they finally admitted they were more than friends with benefits. But he didn't think he'd have to follow her example. He just wanted her to still feel free, it was important to her above all else with how stifling her family was, he grew up the same way. But unlike her he was only able to escape being a slave to the demands of tradition and family just recently thanks to her. And in truth he still felt like he was barely learning to be an adult. Maybe that's why she was pushing him on this matter so much, it must get a bit tiring having a boyfriend so naive after how much she's explored and seen. He has to catch up.

"Alright, let's finally get to looking."

He lifted his head as he put his phone in his pocket surveying the bar. It was a bit of a slower night so things were thankfully quieter which helped with his ears. The group playing tonight was rather low-key, at least for the moment. This place was kind of a meeting ground for underground bands allowing them to perform so of course music lovers would attend and his current job as an av tech might let him strike some common ground. Plus, more chances of running into someone who would remind him of Abi. He chuckled as he thought of that for just like her his hearing definitely got duller with all the noise from the concerts they used to perform, but he was grateful for it. Now things were bearable and he's been able to be much more precise with what he listened in on. Swiveling about and twitching his ears ever so subtly he zeroed in on points of interest, idle conversation, an ice machine was likely about to blow a power generator in a week or two, someone clearly doing something with herself in one of the far corners she shouldn't be. He glanced at the spotted hyena blankly not sure he even wanted to know what she was looking at on her phone. On the other side a blue jay let out a sharp sigh, clearly frustrated that someone wasn't there. He wasn't going to get tangled up in that. He pouted as his eyes and ears wandered about the scene. There was just no one that interested him or that he'd feel remotely confident approaching. There was a reason he fell in love with Abigail, she was so special and he needed more than a pretty face.

Then from the entrance, there were footsteps that had a unique sound to them, much heavier. His eyes turn to the entrance to see a female black bear enter the bar. With her hands casually tucked into the pockets of some kind of jean jacket she sauntered about. Jolan's eyes followed her as he took in her appearance; she stood at least a head and a half taller than Abi and wore a striking tan crescent above her bosom. Jolan smirked as he mused how Abi told him some of her kind had a similar mark on their fur. It looked nice and he liked the way she was dressed. Not too showy not too modest, she wasn't here to impress someone but instead to be comfortable and that made her stand out more to him. Making her way to the center of the room she took off her jacket draping it over the back of a chair. Jolan's ears perked as he saw her muscled arms, no wonder she caught his eye! He didn't care what anyone said, muscles on a female were beautiful to him. Letting his eyes wander about and snapping back to her as she settled in he began to feeling more confident. In the very least he can say he tried and gave an earnest effort, and even if nothing happened she just looked like a sort he wouldn't mind meeting.

Taking a deep breath he straightened himself out. *"Alright, just say hi, she obviously sat in the center of the bar to hear the music best, there's common ground right there!"* Hopping down from the stool he perched on he gave his coat a tug and displayed his ears prominently. They were good tools for determining whether someone wanted to waste any time on him, people either found them charming or ridiculous. Sometimes both. Finally done stalling his feet carried him forward as his heart picked up the pace. She hadn't noticed him approach thankfully and was busy looking over the band currently playing which he was making note of too, nothing amazing but they served as good background noise. Hopefully she wouldn't mind him vying for her attention. Placing his hands on the back of the chair across from her he gave a soft smile.

"Evening."

She turned her gaze to him with a mild far off expression though her green eyes widened for just a second when seeing his ears all flared out proudly. She gave a subtle smile and nodded to him.

"Evening."

"Mind if I join you? I usually do some scouting these nights; just see I was beaten to the best seats in the house!"

He chuckled, a white lie even if it was something in his power to do technically, the studio is always looking for new prospects but it certainly wasn't what he was doing tonight. Luckily she gave him a patient smile and gestured for him to sit.

"What studio?" he took his seat as she looked back to the band.

"Wild Echoes, we're a touch smaller than most, company isn't that old." He took out a business card out of his wallet and slid it over to her on the table. "Are you a musician yourself?" she shook her head still facing away.

"Nay. Just a listener." She craned her head back to see the card on the table. Looked official enough so maybe he wasn't completely lying. She was here every Saturday to relax and hear what no name bands rolled on in and she had never seen him here before.

"Ah, this is a good place to do that for sure. Slower night tonight though but I'm fine with that."

"Mhm, I come here to relax." Since her gaze was averted he let his eyes wander a bit over her. Immediately he took notice of her shirt and the logo it bore, it was faded but he recognized that skull and membrane wings anywhere.

"Oh, by the way Abigail Skellarh appreciates your support." He grinned as she looked back to him. "Or as you may know her better: Angela Night?" her face twisted in scrutiny but she was intrigued nonetheless.

"You worked with the lead singer of Night Soar?" Jolan chuckled with a nod.

"I did, I was their personal AV specialist actually." She turned to him fully now though perhaps not quite convinced yet.

"I loved that band; she was a kick ass singer! Maybe you can tell me what happened to them then?"

"Well, truth is the press just kept savaging them, her specifically. You know how the public eye feels about us bats and in an already niche market we couldn't pick up any really good gigs. They all could have kept going but she had enough of it and pulled the plug, found something that took the eyes off her. Scotty and Betty got married and joined another band, not sure what happened to Roman, didn't keep in touch."

"A shame, they were the best." Jolan nodded in agreement

"Aye, I miss the gang and it was a very difficult decision for her. I stuck with her and we looked for the position we're in now. Tore me up to see her like that but, she's tough I tell you. We're not rich or anything but things have been going pretty well."

"We eh?"

"Heh, yeah we became friends after I was hired when they were having trouble with roadies. Our kind don't get out often so, just kinda of clicked." Her smile widened

"'friends' Mmhm." She taunted. He may have been telling the truth or he has a great poker face. She wanted to know.

"Yes well, when your roommate for about a couple years that does happen!"

"Nuh-uh." He smirked and took out his phone bringing up a picture of them both posing in front of a statue.

"I know, it's a bit of an outlandish claim to say you live with an ex celebrity but one of the virtues drilled into me back home was not to lie!" She looked upon the two and gave a satisfied nod.

"I'm sorry, just, not every day you meet someone like this. Let me try again then!" She extended her hand to him with a warmer smile "I'm Hrja." Jolan placed his other hand in hers careful to avoid her giant claws, the whole process making him laugh in his head.

"Hey, no offense taken! I'm Jolan. Hrja, eh? I was already guessing from your accent you weren't from here."

"Nay, came over here from Stockholm to help brother with work. Friend of his had an opportunity and I figure eh, why not? Warehouse work is simple, better than waiting for hand outs. Your accent sounds different too."

Jolan nodded "Ah, caught that eh? I'm from the far south west. Arizona, glad to be out of it."

"Hm, we're both far from home. Minnesota has been ok."

"Yeah! I've been well here. I think it did Abigail some good too; we both never liked the heat. In fact one time..."

"And I didn't tell him the amp was cranked all the way up when he unplugged the thing. He jumped nearly 3 feet in the air!" they both had been laughing and carrying on for nearly an hour now. She was

soaking up all his stories happily and it's been nice to simply chat with a new friendly face. It helped of course she had features that were very charming to him with her muscled physique and calm demeanor despite her imposing form. It fascinated him in fact.

"That all sounded great. Too bad you all aren't together now. I still love their songs I don't care what anyone says about her or the others. You tell her if she makes any other music I'll be first in line to pay up for it." Jolan's ears perked for a moment.

"Hm, interesting you should say that. There were about six songs they put together for an album that never saw the light of day. I do have recordings of them." Her face lit up as he said that causing her clam façade melted a bit.

"Really? I have to hear them! Could I buy them off you?" she reached back for her wallet. Jolan gave a hearty laugh as an idea came to his mind.

"Well, I would slap them on a usb for you with no fuss but technically they are her property." He put a hand to his chin feigning deep thought, he already had a plan to work this to his advantage, much as he felt bad about it for he truly would just like to gift her the songs for providing pleasant conversation. "Well, I can tell you like to earn so..." he flared a wing toward the pool tables nearby, a wry smirk across his lips. "How about we decide it via a little friendly competition?" she followed his gesture with a nod and stood to collect her jacket. His grin widened as he followed her to the center of the pool table area, this was perfect. He was never great at pool for his wings made it tough to handle the cue sticks so surely he could play legitimately and still see her win thus luring her home. He quickly started setting up the table as she grabbed a couple cues.

"So, competition? I win and I get those songs?"

"You got it... and maybe a bonus." He gave a coy grin as he lifted the rack from the pool balls. She nodded and eyed him searchingly.

"And if you win?"

"Well, with Abi overseas visiting her family I don't have anyone to talk to. Maybe stay at our place a bit and I'll probably think of another way you can win the files. Sound fair?" she looked down to him with that mild smile, a subtle arch in one of her brows. With a chuckle she handed him his cue and nodded. "Well then, ladies first!"

Taking a step back he took the opportunity to look her over again while she was busy lining up her shot. Now that a table wasn't in the way he could appreciate the rest of her build, she had a fair amount of padding over her muscles, her belly especially. He liked it just fine though, she was imposing yet inviting at the same time. His thoughts were broken as a loud crash assaulted his ears making him wince. Though his eyes shot back open just as fast once he realized she just knocked two balls out of the pool table.

"Helvete!" she growled. Jolan laughed and went to pick one up.

"Hey, that was impressive!" placing the ball on a random spot on the table he saw her staring at one of the tables. "Oh, it went under it? Here I'll crawl und-" before he could even move she lifted the thing with one arm. It was no effort at all for her to hold it while knocking the ball out into the open with the

cue. Jolan was stunned; these tables were custom made of solid steel, the owner of the place clearly thinking more people came to play pool than listen to music. But here she just propped it up like it was made of paper. She looked back to him seeing his ears perked and eyes wide as dinner plates. She frowned and set the table back down returning the missing ball to the table.

"Sorry."

"For what?"

"I wasn't trying to show off."

"Well maybe you should! That was awesome!" She gave a skeptical look while he studied the table looking for a good shot.

"Hm, most the males I work with don't like seeing a female nearly as strong as them." She couldn't help but look him over while he took his up his shot. His funny little rudder like tail swayed back and forth slightly, he was a curious sight but interesting for sure. Definitely one of the most unique individuals she met so far. Working in a warehouse with rough blue collar workers it was refreshing to see a male more delicate but still reasonably sturdy as his open coat showed, he was balanced. Jolan flicked an ear toward her; there was a change in her breathing, ever so subtle. She likely couldn't hear it herself but he knew what that likely meant and grinned, deliberately taking his time to enjoy her eyes on him.

"Ah I get that. People look at me and expect a light breeze to snap me in half. Seems they get disappointed or angry when I'm not a total push over. Especially when I work nearly as fast if not faster. I just had to learn to say the hell with them." He took his shot folding his ears back to shield from the sound of impact. Hrja tore her eyes away from his rear as he turned with a soft smile. "It does get tiresome though, I know. But I say strength like that is beautiful. Don't be ashamed of it." She chuckled and they traded places.

"Ang- Abigail teach you to say that?"

"Nah, just stating a fact! Nothing wrong with females being strong. In fact I had to teach Abi to acknowledge that if anything!" he laughed and came along side the table as she finished her shot. With a cocked brow she glanced over his chest again. He just kept the soft smile as he looked her in the eyes. "I could teach you that as well. The more stronger amazons there are out there feeling proud and pretty the better." She smirked at that but it was a nice sentiment. Clearly he wasn't here tonight to do any scouting though she wasn't too impressed with who was playing either. She figured his flattery was nice, especially being admired for something she had felt she shouldn't show, more so when she came over to the states.

"Well, let's see how this game goes."

The game went on a little longer than expected, what with Jolan fumbling with his cue stick and Hrja being too careful to avoid a repeat of what happened at the beginning. Despite trying his best Jolan just couldn't keep up with her, he had three stripes to sink and here she was about to score the 8 ball. He stood closer to her as she lined up her final shot. Seeing her victory so close had gotten her excited and made her opt for a more daring bank shot. Throughout the match though something had been bothering her. There was a smell that came from nowhere and was stuck in her nostrils. It wasn't

unpleasant but, distracting. And now that she leaned over the table there it was stronger than ever.... It was him. She laughed and pulled her stick back.

"Hm? My ears do something funny again?"

Without a word she slammed the cue ball straight into the 8 ball practically smiting the thing. In one lightning fast ricochet it bounded from one end of the table to another and disappeared into the middle pocket. Jolan once again was stunned as he looked to see the cue ball had acquired a crack and the bank of the table had a dent in it gifted by the 8 ball. Quietly Hrja stood again smiling proudly as the smell became even stronger. "W-well... I'd say I never had a chance." His tone was soft and in slight awe. Dropping her cue stick on the table she leaned on it and crossed her arms, looking down to him with a smug smile. She couldn't help but relish his starry eyed look as he gazed up to her.

"So, you certainly earned your prize." He turned his head a bit and put on a coy grin "And maybe a bit of something more... like, the drink I should have offered you when I we first spoke!" his expression transitioned to a jovial innocence making her laugh. She simply stood and put an arm around him leading him to the entrance.

"Nay, we'll get something along the way. I'm eager to hear these songs." She said with a slight growl in her voice. Jolan promptly nodded and tried his best not to grin like an idiot as he felt her strong touch.

"Well no need, we have plenty to drink at our place, Abi is really fond of fruity wines but we have beer and the like too." She ruffled his hair as they stepped outside, a summer breeze washing over them and the moon greeting them with a brilliant glow.

"So we'll take my car if you don't mind. No offense but you're so little, I don't want to think about what you drive."

"Ha, none taken. I'll just fly back here later."

"Surprised you didn't just fly here to begin with." She gave his shoulders a squeeze and let her paw slide a little bit down his back.

"Well, I didn't want to be rude if some music connoisseur wanted to hear some lost albums... some strong, big pretty ones." He looked up to her grinning with eyes that made his intent more blatant than before. Her grin widen as she looked upon him, her paw going lower.

"You're not a talent scout."

"I could be actually, but no tonight I'm not." She stopped them in front of a small alley behind the bar glancing at her van just a few steps away.

"You will have those songs yes?" she adopted a much more stern demeanor suddenly which made Jolan's heart race. But he did his best to keep calm.

"I do, and I meant every promise I made. You will get them." Slowly he brought an arm up behind her and wrapped a wing around her waist. "And I meant everything else I said concerning you too."

"And what would Abigail think about that?"

"She told me to be here tonight and to do just this as a matter of fact. She's also in the Northern Territory of Australia. Right now I'm concerned with who is standing next to me. So, shall we?" Hrja stared at him searchingly for a few seconds that felt like an eternity to him. It took all his strength to keep a straight face and not breakdown in fear under her unerring gaze. She nodded and glanced about the parking lot. Slow night, barely a soul around. Perfect.

"That'll take too long." Abruptly she grabbed both of his hands and yanked him into the alley. The world blurred as he was lifted off his feet and slammed against the wall making his ears ring. When he opened his eyes from wincing her face was right in front of his, looking upon him hungrily with a devious toothy grin. "Don't look shocked. You've been teasing me all night and the taboo of fucking an idol's boyfriend is too good to pass up." She took one hand away to start kneading his crotch. "But we'll do it my way." Jolan shed all fear and shock from his face as he looked her straight in the eyes and flicked his tongue at her sensually.

"Then let the games begin. I'm yours."

"Damn right you are." It took some doing but she managed to work the fly open on his pants yanking them down. What she found was a bit surprising, it was unlike any sort she had seen before making her furrow one of her brows with a quiet giggle. Must be a bat thing. Taking his length in her hand and giving it a squeeze she smiled as he groaned, he was longer than she expected though still pretty small, in truth she thought she would just force him into giving her a favor, she knew bats had long tongues but it looks like she'd be able to fully make use of him after all. Taking another good whiff of his musk she set to getting her skirt off, the heavier jean material making an audible 'flop' as it hit the ground. Just as Jolan worked his pants off with his prehensile feet he was dropped and pushed to his knees. He smiled as she latched a strong paw around his head and was shoved into her crotch. He loved starting this way: to serve his partner and make them feel powerful, and to get his face full of their intoxicating musk.

He set to work right away lapping at her lips and slithering his tongue in and out. She tasted differently for sure, he was used to Abi and all the fruit she consumed making her taste and smell sweet. None the less it was nice, and her scent was so strong. Hrja delighted in his enthusiasm, moaning contently as she grabbed one of her breasts and fondled it beneath her shirt. She only had the chance to make the males do the foreplay a couple times and never did they let her be so assertive. It was a nice change of pace. As she was soaked up his ministrations her mind wandered a bit, she's never had a male this small before or this submissive, what could she do with him? Should she push her way that strongly? What if she hurt him? Suddenly her eyes shot open as his tongue aggressively assaulted her clitoris. Jolan laughed in his mind as a surprised and loud moan escaped her. With the time he spent with Abi he learned it was nice to turn the tables a little here and there, surprise them, especially if it goaded her on for he was curious to see what she could do.

It was like fire ran through her whole body. Leaning down and grabbing his shoulder she pulled him away with a growl. The smug little bastard just grinned up to her as she panted. No, no he wasn't getting away with that. With a shove that made him feel like he got hit by a bus he smacked against the concrete with a sharp sting biting at his back. Before he knew it he was seized by the ankles and propped up against her belly. He laughed with glee as he was hoisted up, she almost couldn't believe what he was letting her get away with this but the thought only slowed her down for a brief second, taking his penis in one hand and carefully lowering him no time was wasted as she knelt so her nethers

could consumed him. They both moaned with pleasure once they were together, a wicked grin spread on across Hrja's face as she looked upon Jolan's wings all splayed out on the ground, he looked so helpless. Grabbing his other leg again and positioning him like a weightless toy she nodded and began to squat up and down. Slow at first to assure her footing.

Jolan was so pleased with this, not only was she dominant like Abi he was subjected to a new position he had never even dreamed of before. It was certainly not comfortable but he saw it as a challenge to withstand, his body pressed a bit as her pelvis collided against him. His mind slipped into pure bliss as he enjoyed the moonlight washing over them and her beautiful strong frame bouncing on top of him. As she ravished him a thought broke through the primal drive that consumed her. She expected him to be frightened and pained while doing this, but here was this little bat not only submitting to her but loving what she was doing to him, loving her strength. It warmed her heart, being enjoyed for what she was: strong. Jolan looked up to her again breaking out of his drunkenness, this was already way beyond anything he has experienced but now was the time to see just how far she could go.

"Mmm, okay, that's not all you can do right? Come on, I'm at your mercy! A big strong beauty like you doesn't need to hold back!"

She arched a brow and stopped for a second. "You are a bizarre little thing."

He simple flicked his tongue at her again "And you like it!"

She laughed and began squatting onto him faster and harder. She couldn't argue what with how she has him buried inside of her, however her thighs were starting to burn quite a bit and she couldn't really keep this up much longer. She certainly wasn't going to stop though; she was enjoying his body and his sounds way too much. After a few seconds though that was enough, squeezing down on him as hard as she could he was positioned onto his back causing him to squeak in delight while she fell to her knees and over him, his thighs still propped up against her. Hrja let loose a sigh in relief as she lay on top of him, grinding against him for a bit, but it wasn't long before she began to bounce on top of him. Content with her smothering he clamped onto her rear with his feet triggering a hiss from her. Jolan was getting close, but it occurred to him he didn't get a chance to have her orgasm before she dominated him. There's no way he was just gonna lay there without her being satisfied and promptly reached down to her mound and began to stroke her nub as best he could. Growling and gritting her teeth she bounced faster once she felt his touch, Jolan winced and squeaked helplessly under her assault and couldn't resist any longer. Reaching around her with his other wing and digging into her cheeks it happened. Soon as she felt the warmth flood her nethers she crashed into climax, her mind going blank as they both convulsed. Sapped of energy they lay there panting for a time, the sound of the streets and night breeze barely even registering to the drunken couple.

"Phew... Jarvla..." Hrja muttered getting off Jolan slowly, her thighs and knees burning in protest.

"Phew indeed... whoa." Jolan hissed while his legs were finally free of her. He laid there and watched Hrja sit against the wall while his mind unscrambled itself.

"You like that boy? She ever fuck you like that at all?"

Jolan laughed and barely summoned the strength to prop himself up on the wall next to her. "Well, she does me rough but, nah nothing like that! That was something else, gotta say." Hrja couldn't help but

wear a proud smile. They sat in silence for a minute as they recovered, Hrja stroking her thighs and enjoying the warmth radiating through her.

“Well... ha, you more than earned the songs before, now I’d say you earned a week’s worth of beer for that!”

She laughed and ruffled his hair “Well I hope you’re not attached to what’s in your fridge, I’m starving now.”

“Ha, I doubt you’re a fan of chiropteran cuisine so how about I order some pizzas? My treat.” They both gathered their clothes and got dressed. Hrja guided him to her van while Jolan got an order ready at a nearby parlor. “... Yeah, fourth floor, 414. Appreciate it. Okay, five pizzas should show up shortly after we arrive. Our place is real close... I just had them put everything on a couple of them.”

“Heh, sounds fine, I’m not picky.” They both stepped into the vehicle and strapped in. Jolan’s face froze as he heard the sound of plastic crinkling in his pocket.

“Um... Hrja?”

“Hm?”

“I... um, you’re... safe right? I mean I have a... I just forgot with all the...”

She just gave him that smug smirk again. “I work in a warehouse with a bunch of males and we’re both making and taking in a bunch of smells. Don’t worry about it, I take pills. Now tell me where to go.” Jolan laughed and shook his head as the engine roared to life. Thank goodness he has gotten used to that sound.

Hrja bobbed her head and patted the sofa to the rhythm of the music, soaking in the sound with her eyes shut and a content smile on her face. Jolan sat across room at the computer getting lost in memories himself, a smile wasn’t on his face though.

“Mm, love this one. Shame it was never released.” As the song came to an end Hrja leaned forward to grab another slice of pizza, spying Jolan looking a bit forlorn. “What’s the matter?”

“Hm? Oh, nothing.” She gave him a doubting smirk. He sighed. “Well I’m not sure if it’s me thinking too much or what but you can hear a difference in her voice with these. It’s sad for sure. I just can’t help but remember those times. It was pretty terrible... she was going to go back home. For good. Submit to all the bullshit her family put her through and what the press was piling on her. Sounds too dramatic I’m sure but if that happened to either of us we may as well be dead.”

Hrja looked him over as she ate; just now realizing he was missing her really badly. “And she’s over back there now. With her family?”

He nodded. “Her sister is getting married.”

Hrja studied him; a lot was starting to make sense.

"I'm sorry, we're supposed to be enjoying music, and I'm bad at just letting my shit just spill out. I'll get the playlist going again."

"You really love her a lot."

He paused and turned back to her in his chair with a sigh. "I know, I'm way too clingy. Just seeing her so defeated in those months and even if I know she'll be back it just- eh, whatever." He clicked the play button again.

Hrja smiled "You're fine. Nothing wrong with missing her. I see why you were looking to spend time with someone."

Jolan chuckled "Well I meant it when I said I came to the bar at her request. Our relationship is still really casual, she sees other guys now and then. Never bothered me since she'd always come back to me soon. She's doing it less and less these days too. Never thought I was going to do it myself. Which uh, isn't to say I didn't enjoy what we shared!"

She giggled and nodded. "Yeah, that was a lot of fun. Never had a chance to try something like that before."

With a chuckle Jolan scooted a bit closer "I'm glad it worked for you too. I'm kinda paranoid about making sure she enjoys it too. I like to serve I guess. But, uh... if I may be so bold Abi... wanted pictures. I know she would love to see that position. Only if you want."

Hrja smiled "Boy, you two are casual. Well... I tell you what, I'd love to go again but it's pretty late now. Kinda sleepy. Can I stay here tonight? Keep you company?" His eyes lit up with a sweet smile. She couldn't help but giggle.

"I'd love that! I'll get some pillows and a blanket." Swiftly he flew up to the loft.

"Surprised you have those. Don't you hang upside down?" she took off her jacket and reclined on the sofa getting comfortable.

"We do, but sometimes she likes to sleep on a bed we have up here. She's pretty built so sometimes it puts stress on her joints." A blanket and a couple pillows dropped down next the couch followed by himself leaping down. She marveled how he barely made a sound as he landed. She quietly chuckled as he placed a couple pillows under her head and threw the blanket over her. "Hm, thanks. You're sweet."

He warmly smiled. "I try." He turned and dragged a curious thing from a corner in the room. It looked to her like a clothing rack from a department store with a padded bar in the middle.

"Ah, I was about to ask about what you'd do."

"I'm still mostly used to roosting myself." He locked the wheels down and made the music softer, setting the playlist on repeat. "Need a drink before bed?"

"Nay, I'm good." He nodded and tossed his coat onto the chair then jumped up latching onto the bar. It was an amusing little acrobatic display.

"Sleep well then, thanks for everything, by the way." Hrja shook her head as he curled up into his wings.

"That's my line. But Aye, good night."

Hrja opened her eyes with a yawn peering over to Jolan while he stretched out his wings, the sunlight shining through them. It was actually a pretty sight.

"Mm, morning. Sleep okay?"

"Mmhm, big couch you have here for such a tiny thing." Hrja smirked and sat up.

"Ha, it's even big for Abi but she wanted it. Suppose she wanted to be prepared for when we had guests." As he climbed down Hrja reached down to something she felt she was lying on.

"Ha, what is this?" she chuckled as she pulled out a collar and leash that was wedged between the cushions. Jolan's ears folded back in embarrassment.

"Oh... heh that's right. Last time we got to do that before she left was on the couch. Um, yeah that's mine."

A devious smirk spread across her muzzle as she beckoned him over. Promptly going to her he leaned in as she put it on him.

"Happen to have any other toys around here?" her tone was sultry and playful, though still groggy which made Jolan chuckle.

"Abi has her toys but I only really mess with those when she asks for them. This though, is it for me. She got this for me when we started getting a little more serious. Plus she always called the black stripe near my neck a collar so bit of a joke I guess."

"It is really cute." She played with the name tag that had his name in a fancy emboss. As she gripped his leash she felt a bit powerful now that he was tethered as such. She thought she would exert a little dominance while they both woke up. Yanking his pants down she gave him sharp slap on the rear causing him to jump a bit and laugh.

"Whoa, ha. That time already?"

"No, I just want something to look at while you make us some coffee."

He nodded and smiled softly. "It would be my pleasure."

Walking him over to the kitchen and giving him some slack to move about she contently watched him as she helped herself to the rest of the left over pizza.

"So, you work with your brother?"

"Hm? Oh, nay not with. Just in the same place."

"I see. So, not exactly attached to the place. I got the impression you're not terribly happy there."

Hrja shrugged "Its work."

"Heh, I've said that many times myself." He poured her cup and handed it to her. "Well, I can't guarantee anything but how about I keep an eye out for some positions at our place? I'm sure we could find you something eventually. I had to work with blue the blue collar crowd too and honestly that environment wears on you."

"Well, for you I bet. Kind of hard to see you doing that."

He smirked, though he couldn't blame her "I am tougher than I look, if only just. But yeah, why don't I get your number afterwards so I can let you know if anything pops up. We are trying to do some international deals too. Who knows, maybe you could visit home through them!"

She ruffled his hair and chuckled "It couldn't hurt." Jolan nodded and leaned against the counter next to her.

"Besides, I have a feeling Abi will want to meet you. Been a long while since she talked to a fan."

"Even if that fan fucked her boyfriend?"

Jolan laughed and gave her a wry look "Probably especially so. I know with what you did to me last night she's going to be pretty impressed."

She couldn't help but furrow a brow. "So, you have a camera around or what?"

"Mhm. If I may..." he took the leash out of her hands and went off to retrieve their recorder. Finishing her coffee she joined him in the main room, the tripod already set up.

"You two make amateur stuff or something?"

"Heh, not really, she just got the idea of recording some things to watch on our phones now and then. Only did it once or twice. Don't worry, this won't end up on the internet I promise. Way too shy to that myself."

She nodded content with that explanation. Deciding she was awake enough she began undressing. Jolan watched her with a smile.

"Really nice to see your full figure now. You're beautiful you know."

"And you're a sappy little thing. Thank you though." She chuckled and tossed her clothes on the couch "Now turn that thing on and get over here."

With a nod he made a couple last adjustments and started the recording. He went to her with a bright eyed smile that made her want to laugh. "Alright, it's going. Ready when you are!" Hrja nodded and took hold of his leash while having him lay down. Kneeling over him it took him no thought on what he was supposed to do and quickly set to tasting of her. To his delight her musk was already strong. Hrja moaned contently as she wrapped the leash around her hand and gave it a gentle tug. She heard a content little chitter escape from under her which brought a smile to her muzzle. Realizing his maleness was standing before the camera Jolan reached down and started to stroke himself, something for Abi perhaps. Once riled up enough Hrja stood and picked Jolan up by his ankles again maneuvering him into the same position before but without the rush, a slow and steady pace was kept.

After a time she let out a heavy sigh, her thighs were starting to burn again. They went on a decent bit longer than last time and surely that will be enough to get the idea across. Carefully she set him down and sat against the wall. With a tug of the leash she yanked him onto her as he tried to get up.

“Alright, time for you to do the work.” She growled with a toothy grin. He simply gave the soft smile and positioned himself into her. Wrapping his wings around her in a warm embrace Jolan reveled in her plush softness letting out a soft chitter as she craned her neck down to nuzzle with him.

“Mmm, you make a nice pillow.”

“The best!” she brought a hand to his back and tightened the leash again prompting him to pick up the pace to which he happily complied. Hrja closed her eyes and leaned back a bit to give him a better angle to work with. After a couple minutes however, he started to slow. She looked down to him wondering what the matter was when she remembered what she put him through again. He was probably still sore from last night, let alone now. Pondering for a bit she smirked when an idea came to her.

“Alright, a little break. Sort of.” Jolan’s breath was a bit labored as she pulled him back and got up. He stood with her waiting to hear what to do next. Without a word she nudged him behind her and bent over. Facing the camera she couldn’t help but stare into the lens with a devious smirk. Giving a strong tug she pulled the leash over her shoulder yanking him up behind her and slamming him against the wall with her rear. He cried out in surprise as he tried his best to position himself to get back inside. Finally succeeding, Hrja pressed back again and tugged once more, draping him across her back whilst pounding him against the wall in a steady rhythm. Jolan grinned and groaned as she assaulted him, he surprised her not once but twice. It was a rush, but at the same time unique, they could only achieve this because of their respective sizes, they were enjoying some thing special.

Jolan moaned happily as she had her way with him for a time. With one last slam she stopped and held him there. “How’s that? Comfortable?” she teased as she wriggled her hips against him.

“Ha! It’s not bad actually, as I said you make a great pillow. And I’m a bat; I’m used to being suspended in one way or another.” He began messaging around the small of her back. Hrja slowly moved away from the wall letting him carefully drop down. Stepping back in front of her, he watched as she laid back down on her back and splayed herself out. With yearning eyes she followed his motions of kneeling down and moving over her.

“Now I want your best...” she growled while winding the leash around her hand. Promptly he hilted himself in her and slowly did some small pumps. She let him warm up for a couple seconds then tugged on the leash. “Come on.” She reached down and gave his rear a strong slap. With a squeak he got to work in earnest. Jolan sewed his eyes shut and focused all his concentration on movement, he had to make sure she got what she wanted. Hrja moaned and smiled, it was nice to see someone work so hard for her, and he was in the right spot too so it wouldn’t be too long from now. Throwing her head back and gripping his tail she fell into a nice warm bliss. Jolan, despite his frenzied actions, found comfort too and he placed one of his hands on her breasts and gently massaged it. He felt like he was almost drowning in her body and it was a great feeling, and the way she demanded made him feel desired. It was almost as if he was with a bigger Abi. His thoughts were interrupted as that all too familiar feeling jolted through him.

"I'm... ha, about there..." Hrja simply released his tail and reached down beneath him, massaging her nub. He saw that as a sign to go ahead and keep his momentum. But a couple seconds after he couldn't hold back any longer and collapsed against her belly with a long soft moan. Hrja did much the same as her nethers clamped down on him and quivered all about. After the rush was over they laid there both drunk from their coupling. Jolan made a soft little chitter as he nuzzled with her again. Hrja giggled and ran her hand up and down him. "So, that was my best I think... decent enough?"

She chuckled "Aye, was nice. You're a good one." She pulled him up a bit so she could better hold him and pressed his head against her neck. "You made me good and ready for a nice nap. That means you did really well."

"But, we just woke up!" Jolan chuckled as he brought his arms under hers to embrace her best he could.

"Mhm, now hush."

With a stretch and a yawn Hrja propped herself up. Across from her Jolan sat at his computer and turned to her, still without a stitch of clothing on.

"Well the sleeping beauty awakes. And I didn't have to even kiss you." He turned back to the computer with a chuckle. "You snore." She simply smirked standing to retrieve her clothes, getting dressed. "Good timing though, I just got those recordings cleaned up and did some minor editing, should sound nicer now... also if you want a copy of that little video, I edited that as well. If you'll unlock your phone I'll send those to you now."

She put her skirt on and reached into her pocket to find her phone. She handed it to him unlocked and grinned. "Aye, I'll have that video."

"Certainly..... annd done. Here you are, in your downloads folder of course."

"Thanks sweetheart." She ruffled his hair and took another look at her phone. It was running on 2 pm.

"Well I really had a lot of fun. I should get back home though, will be back to work tomorrow."

"True, yes, I'll likely be having a busy week myself." He walked with her to the door. "Oh! Let me get your number so I can let you know if anything comes up!" Jolan ran back and forth to grab his phone and input it to his contacts. "Alright... there, I'll text you when I hear something."

"Sounds great." She looked at him with her big green eyes with a warm smile. Abruptly she picked him up and gave him a tight hug. "Mm! Sorry, had to give you a bear hug."

"I'd be disappointed if you didn't!"

"Hehe, thanks again for the songs and the food."

"Hey, I should be thanking you for putting up with a pipsqueak like me. You really spoiled me!"

"Nay, it was refreshing to be with someone like you. Got to do things from my imagination, was very fun!" Jolan could help but beam at that. "Now you take good care of Abigail!"

“You have my word!” with a grin Hrja gave him another slap on the rear and set him down. Opening the door for her she departed, both of them with a warm feeling of contentment. Alone again, Jolan stretched his body and wings out. Giving the air a whiff the air still smelt like sex. Chuckling to himself he curled up on the couch, he thought he would wait a bit before showering so he could enjoy her scent on himself some more. Comfortable he brought up Abigail on his contacts....

<Sleepybat>: Hey there mega. I know you’re a night owl so don’t tell me you’re asleep yet.

<OnMetalWings>: Hey micro, nah but getting pretty buggered. You’ve been quiet.

<Sleepybat>: Heh, not exactly quiet. So, you told me to find someone. Meet Hrja.

(Sleepybat sent a file)

Abigail’s eyes went wide as she watched the two. They went even wider seeing the position she put him in. Before long she reached down under her pajamas and began to see to herself.

“Wow... good on you, babe.”